

ney. I soon came to a fine little stream, on the banks of which seven deer were cropping the dry grass. I startled them and they fled. I followed this stream for some time in the hope that it might lead me to an Indian camp, for the Osages love to build their huts near such.

Indeed, I arrived upon, shall I say a camp? No; it was but the ghost of a camp—an old Osage encampment—composed of six or seven skeletons of tepees, that is, presenting nothing but the bare poles and branches which, in time past, had been covered with skins or barks of trees. There was nothing to be found here except bones, white and bleached. A little further I came across an old cattle-trail which had not been used perhaps for five or six years; still I knew it passed near a settlement, and I resolved to keep close to it. But man is not made of iron; my strength

was failing me, and I began to think seriously I would have to go no further. I tried again my acorns, and found again they were too bitter and unsubstantial. I remembered how the life of a missionary in Kansas, in the old time, had been saved by his finding an ear of corn dropped from some wagon; but what appearance that I could have such a piece of good luck in these wilds. About 3 o'clock, unable to proceed any further, I laid myself again in the high grass with very grim and unpleasant thoughts, the more so that it seemed to me it was going to rain. From this bed of misery I spied a cliff with a great hollow place under it, and I thought if it rains I shall drag myself there. Suddenly I was startled by the sound of a cow-bell. I could hardly believe it. Yes; it was the sound of a bell. I rose up in great excitement and, getting over a little hill, I discovered a mule



School of St. Louis Mission, Pawhuska, Osage Nation, Indian Territory.